

646.

A

P O E M

On the NEW METHOD of treating

P H Y S I C.

Inscribed to

Dr. M O R G A N,

O N H I S

P H I L O S O P H I C A L P R I N C I P L E S

O F

M E D I C I N E.

*In Corpore humano divini Conditoris Mechanicen, ad regulas
Mathematicas plane adaptatam, satis admirari non possumus ;
siquidem nulla alia in re manifestius, 'Ο Θεός γεωμετρεῖν videtur.*
Willis Pharm. Rat.



L O N D O N,

Printed for S. CHANDLER, at the Cross-Keys in the
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ROBERT M. DODD



TO
Dr. MORGAN,
ON HIS
PHILOSOPHICAL PRINCIPLES
OF
MEDICINE.

DISTINGUISH'D Worth demands the Poet's Lays,
Accept this grateful Tribute to your Praise.
Med'cine the Muses Patronage may claim,
For both from one illustrious Offspring came :
Each from *Apollo* boasts a Race Divine,
And GODS and HEROES in the Lineage shine.
Great is the Task, superior to my Skill ;
For heav'nly Themes require an heav'nly Quill :
Yet when you labor in the vast Pursuit,
Shall Fame be silent, or the *Muse* be mute ?

In the Primæval, happy Days of old,
 When golden Years their shining Circles roll'd,
 When with wild Fruits and Herbs Men liv'd content,
 And thankful took what Heav'ns rich Bounty sent ;
 No noxious Humors stain'd the crimson Flood,
 And what is *Physic* now, was then their *Food*.
 They drank the chrystal Stream, and sweetly slept
 On mossy Couches with the Flocks they kept.
 Grief then was absent, Pain was hardly known ;
 Peaceful they liv'd, and dy'd without a Groan.

Disease, at first, sprung from her Parent *Vice*,
 And hence the *healing Art* deriv'd its rise :
Blest Art ! whose Power dispels our Pain, and saves
 From pining Sickness, and devouring Graves.
 Plain Remedies, at first, were valu'd most,
 The Drugs were few, and moderate the Cost :
 The Sick were cur'd without a gilded Pill,
 A sovereign Bolus, or a pompous Bill.
 As *Vice* increas'd, so *Physic* by degrees
 Increas'd its Empire, and increas'd its Fees.

In after-times it more mysterious grew,
 As *Pride* prevail'd, and *Interest* came in view;
 Drefs'd by designing Men in dark Disguise,
 And veil'd in awful Shapes from vulgar Eyes.

With *GALEN's* Sect a cloud of Med'cines came,
 Of various Form and venerable Name:
Physic was all Confusion, all profound,
 While Jargon reign'd, and Learning lay in Sound;
 Till the last Age appear'd, when Gleams of Light
 Dart thro' the Chaos, and dispel the Night.

Then *BACON* flourish'd, in whose spacious Soul
 Unnumber'd Truths in beauteous Order roll.

Then shone the learned, the industrious *BOYLE*,
 And fought out Truth with an unweary'd Toil;
BOYLE on Experiment alone rely'd,
 And Nature, which he lov'd, was still his Guide.

LOCKE now like some propitious Star appears,
 And his fair *Fabrick* of *Ideas* rears;

Which all the Schoolmens Sophistry display'd,
And welcome Light to every Art convey'd.

SYDENHAM made Practice from Experience plain,
Taught by no idle Fictions of the Brain :
SYDENHAM the Old, the simple Way renew'd,
Nor study'd what was *Great*, but what was *Good*.
He rescu'd Physic from its useless Load,
And pointed out a more successful Road.

The Scene still brightens each revolving Year,
And lo ! fresh Wonders to our View appear :
Lo ! *Medicine* shines with *Mathematic* Rays,
The welcome *Omen* of *prosperous* Days.
Such was of late the pleasing vast Surprise,
When *Northern Streamers* lighted all the Skies ;
When soon, as Shades of Night the Earth o'erspread,
Amaz'd we saw *new Morning* o'er our Head.
Charm'd with the Tidings, many a *learned Sage*
Does eager in the great Design engage ;
While new Discoveries their Researches crown,
Give Health to others, to themselves Renown.

But tho' such Numbers have pursu'd the Theme,
 To *You* alone we owe a *finish'd Scheme* :
 All that BELLINI, or that PITCAIRN dar'd,
 At best is faint Essay with *Yours* compar'd :
 The *Method* clear, each Part with Judgment wrought,
 Enrich'd with *labour'd Skill*, and *depth of Thought*.

The learn'd BOERHAVE will hail the grateful Sight,
 And read you o'er with *Wonder* and *Delight* ;
 While the *sam'd Tribe* you treat with such Regard,
 Who best can judge of Worth, and best reward ;
 The Man they love with just Applause extoll,
 And in their *shining Rank* your Name enroll.

Thus the *vast Genius* is at length reveal'd,
 Which long, too long in Darkness lay conceal'd ;
 Through interposing Clouds it makes its Way,
 And breaks, refulgent with celestial Day.
 So Gems disclos'd in some *Peruvian Mine*,
 With innate Fire, and rugged Lustre shine.
 Great Souls blaze out with their own native Light,
 Tho' Fortune frown, and Envy wrecks her Spight.

You

You leave the beaten Circle of the Schools,
 And the dull Round of antiquated Rules :
 On *obvious Facts* your *Principles* depend,
 All to support our tottering Fabrick tend :
 While, by *just Consequence*, from these you draw
 Some *fundamental Truth* and *useful Law*,
 To guard Man's feeble Frame from fell Disease ;
 Or, when we sink with Pain, to give us Ease :
 To every Ail ascribe its proper Cause ;
 For Nature's govern'd by *Mechanick Laws*.
 With nicest Skill you paint her outward Dress,
 In vain we'd penetrate the deep Recess ;
 No human Eye her secret Springs can trace,
 But lost in Mazes leaves the fruitless Chace.
 Mount *Ætna* thus conceals her unknown Fires,
 And *rapid Nile* to hidden Paths retires.

Sages now trust to Fairy Scenes no more,
 Nor venture farther than they see the Shore :
 They build on *Sense*, then *reason from th' Effect*,
 On well establish'd *Facts* their Schemes erect ;
 By these some new *Phænomena* explain ;
 And *Truth Divine* in every Process gain.

Such

Such was the Path *immortal* NEWTON trod,
 He form'd the wondrous Plan, and mark'd the Road ;
 Led by this Clue, he travell'd o'er the Sky,
 And marshall'd all the *shining Worlds* on high,
 Pursu'd the *Comets* where they farthest run,
 And brought them back obsequious to the Sun.

Men may on Fancy's airy Pinions rise,
 And in Imagination touch the Skies ;
 Be pleas'd with Theories because they're new,
 And then for being pleas'd believe them true :
 On Nature call, but call, alas ! in vain,
 To foster all the Monsters of their Brain.
 Nature has no imaginary Schemes,
 No vain Chimeras, nor romantick Dreams ;
 She offers *Truth*, not *Fiction* to the Mind,
 Nor makes us fancy what we never find.

Mature *in Thought*, you NEWTON's *Laws* reduce
 To nobler Ends and more important Use.
 You show how heav'nly Orbs affect our *Frame*,
 And raise, or sink by turns the *vital Flame* :

How *Moons alternate*, in their changing Sphere,
 Impress their Force, and agitate the Air ;
 How as without successive Tides advance,
 While the pale Moon pursues her silent Dance ;
 So does the *refluent Blood* her Influence know,
 And Tides within *roll high*, or creep on flow.

When *raging Fevers* kindle Flames within,
 Which dreadful glow o'er all the scorch'd *Machine* ;
 You shew how Nature grows averse to Food,
 And pants for Liquors to dilute the Blood ;
 Shuts up the Pores, and prudently detains
 The flowing Serum in the burning Veins.
 Your *gentle Med'cines* mitigate the Heat,
 And cool the Blood, without expence of Sweat :
 The Monster *Febris* flies the mighty Spell,
 In haste retires, and calmly seeks her Cell.

So when the *sultry Dog-star* reigns on high,
 And all the Fountains of the Earth are dry,
 When parched Fields look withering all around,
 And frequent Chasms divide the thirsty Ground ;

Indulgent Heav'n bids numerous Vapors rise,
 And lo ! th' obedient Vapors croud the Skies ;
 While bursting Clouds descend in Show'rs of Rain,
 Revive the Plants, and cool the burning Plain.

Med'cine from hence shall boast of fure Success,
 Nor *Patients* long remain without Redress,
 But raise, from Scenes of Death their drooping Heads,
 And flush'd with sudden Life forsake their Beds.

For this shall future Ages found your *Fame*,
 And distant Climates echo with your Name :
 Your *Work* it self will its Admirers raise,
 And Men that breathe by you, shall breathe your Praise.

My raptur'd *Muse* sees with *prophetic* Eyes,
 New Ages roll along, new Nations rise ;
 Sees *Physic* on *Mechanic Reasoning* climb,
 And raise a Structure to the Skies sublime ;
 Sees Sicknefs fled, Health bloom in every Face,
 And Age creep on with slow, reluctant Pace.
Experience with her Torch shall guide our Youth,
 Scatter the Mists, and light the Way to *Truth*.

While dark Hyphothesis no more prevails,
 Nor *Pupils* listen to romantick Tales ;
 Nor proud Authority, with bugbear Rules,
 Controuls the *Church*, nor dictates in the *Schools*.
 But *Liberty* sits Goddes of our *Isle*,
 And peaceful Blessings all around her smile ;
 Darknefs and Bigotry before her fly,
 And *Truth* and *Virtue* grow beneath her Eye.

F I N I S.

